

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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CURRENT NOTES.

MORALITY is but the vestibule of religion.

As you would shun bad company, so you must reject bad books.

RETURN equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness by goodness.

HE needs no other rosary, whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and goodness.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.

I KNOW one thing—if I stand by the principles of truth and duty, nothing can inflict upon me any permanent harm.

CERTAIN thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

HAVE you learned to know you are ignorant? This is God's way of making you wise. He bids you ask wisdom, and promises to give.

BE not ashamed before God of thy trade—every honest calling is acceptable in His eyes; but with thy trade be not ashamed of thy God and thy Christianity.

GOD is the source and fountain of love, and which may be divided into three parts—the receiving from Him, the conforming to Him, and the reposing and trusting in Him.

EVERY act of sin is more injurious to him who commits it than it can possibly be to any who suffer by it; it will surely return into the conscience and perform a strange work there.

NOT to return one good office for another is inhuman; but to return evil for good is diabolical. There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There is nothing more dangerous than to oblige those people; for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way.

ALL errors have only a time; after a hundred millions of objections, subtleties, sophisms, and lies, the smallest truth remains precisely as before.

WHAT are thy crosses to thy comforts, thy miseries to thy mercies, thy days of sickness to thy days of health, thy days of weakness to thy days of strength, thy days of scarcity to thy days of plenty?

KIND words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

REMEMBER that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure.

MUCH as the starry heaven with its innumerable worlds fills man's soul with wonder and awe, making him feel his own littleness, yet there is something within him which elevates him above suns and stars, above angels and seraphs, and this is his moral nature.

EVERY failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form is without some latent charm derived from truth.

HE is rich who is inwardly rich. He is poor who is inwardly poor. He is prosperous for whose spiritual culture all things work together. In the vineyard, we measure the cluster; not the leaves and the rank-growing vine, and it is the fruit that we must measure in men. They that care for the body only, are like gardeners who fill their conservatory with flower pots, and these with compost, but forget to put seeds therein, or flowers. Dirt and pottery are all the flowers they have.

AGAINST THE TIME OF NEED.

"WILT thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

Strangely sounded the words to Mary Carr, half-hidden behind her folds of filmy lace. It was as if she stood on an island in the midst of the sea of life, and the voice were speaking in more than human tones.

"For better, for worse—for richer, for poorer—in sickness and health—till death do you part."

It was this she heard and felt and saw. Through her quick, instinctive thought passed the vision of those coming years—the years of poverty and wealth, of health and sickness, of better and worse; a vision that stopped not at the parting of death, but lost itself in light ineffable beyond. And when at length the eyes lifted, the clear voice said, "I will."

Surely it was not a difficult thing to promise, as any of the interested company present would have acknowledged. A handsome, stately groom was Richard. Even pretty, genial Mary Carr could hardly have done better, was the universal decision.

Bride and groom and a merry party of friends were borne swiftly toward the train. The passage from the old into the new had not fully come until the last farewell was waved, the doors shut with a bang, the wheels began to move and they two alone settled back into their comfortable seat. Then Richard turned to her with all his soul in his eyes and said quietly, "It's you and I now, Mary."

She turned to her husband a face all the brighter for its transient clouding, and nestled a little closer as she whispered, "You and I, and Heaven."

A word is sometimes a revelation. In that soulful sentence and its response was all the difference with which Richard and Mary Lovell entered their new life together.

His satisfaction at discovering an embryo painter in this village photographer does not prevent his discovering at the same time a young lady, and a suitable wife, who from her modest profession in a corner turns a bright face to him.

A month served to domicile the new

family in cosy apartments of their own. A house of their own or even a hired house would be out of the question for many years yet; but that could not greatly trouble a wife like Mary, whose heart was satisfied in her husband. She settled into the comfort of her modest rooms right joyfully. Never had life seemed half so sweet and interesting; yet so charmingly natural, day after day. She had heard from home, and saw that they were learning to be glad in thinking of her in her new sphere, and that things went on much the same without her. There was something strangely unattractive as well as unreal about that old life. She could hardly believe there had ever been a time when she had not lived for Richard and he for her.

For Richard! All the activities of mind and heart that had made her young life so rich to herself and so fruitful to all good interests about her, now twined themselves about this new centre of her love. She entered into his plans and the details of his art with an *abandon* delightful to one unused for years to such sympathy. All the long hours of his daily absence her busy brain was full of schemes and plans for the future; and she could not bear to have him return at night careworn and absorbed with things she could neither share nor quite charm away.

One evening Richard sat in his easy chair. And Mary, from her low rocker opposite, was looking at him. She broke the silence:

"Richard, dear, you are ambitious."

He looked up, and finding her smiling, smiled also. "Perhaps I am," he answered.

"So am I."

It was such a decided remark, and such resolute lips that spoke it, that Richard instead of being cheered by it felt his heart sink. He looked straighter into the fire than ever and heaved a deep sigh before he had another word to say.

"Poor child—I am afraid it would be better for you if you were not." He thought this aloud rather than said it, moving at the same time his chair nearer to Mary's. "My dear, if I am growing ambitious it is because I have so much

to be ambitious for. When I see Sheldon and Smith getting into homes of their own and working their way up to social distinction."

Mary shook her head, smiling.

"No, dear," he went on, "I want something more than merely to live; I want to lay up something against the time of need."

"So do I."

Mary did not seem to see that his cheeks flushed and his eyes filled with tears while he spoke; but she went over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Now, dear," she continued, "we're going to be sensible, and to begin with, I'll confess my ambitions. We want so many things against the time of need! But chiefly, I think we want to grow up to strong manhood and womanhood together. For there may come a time of need, you know, when money will be of little avail; except it be, indeed, money put at the Lord's interest. You know the old epitaph, "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have." That time will come to us all; and you know how I believe in such treasures. When I think of it, I'm afraid I don't give up the independence of my little easel very gracefully."

She put her hand over his lips to save a threatened interruption.

"For instance, you go with me to church for my sake; and I should not want to give it up; but I ought to give it to you and not you to me. Oh, I want to do so much with money; not only for ourselves but for so many good things in this great city! You want it for what we can *be* with it, and I for what we can *do* with it, that is all. But we both agree that we want it. Now this is my bit of sense—if I'll help you to earn it will you help me to spend it?"

Richard drew a long breath and looked at her curiously. Then he took up one of her hands and spanned the wrist with his fingers. "Rather a puny weapon to fight the world with," he said.

"What man has done man may do," she said oracularly; "it has done good service, as you may know. And now, hear me! it will grow punier, and its owner likewise, the less they manage to

accomplish in life. O Richard, if you knew how lonely I am! and how tame and frivolous and useless my days seem here alone. I can fill them, of course—sew and read and exercise—but what is there to show for it? It is laying up nothing against the time of need. I shall surely grow narrow and selfish, and you in your lonely business cares will grow more and more worldly, and so we shall drift apart. O dearest, there must be a better way! Save me from myself, and I'll save you from the world!"

Richard mused awhile and simply said, "How?"

Mary's heart at once lightened. It was not long to tell him of a little scheme she had been turning over in her brain. Like a true business woman she unfolded it; how his one room at the studio building should be enlarged to three; and a branch of photography added, which she was quite competent to superintend without disturbing him from his more ambitious work.

Richard shook his head; but Mary smiled, softly stroking his hair. She had great confidence in what the years would do for him. Hitherto, the tendencies of Richard's life had been decidedly against his being a religious man. The pressure of the world had forced out everything else. He respected the opinions and religious usages of others, but for himself he frankly confessed he had little thought for what he could not grasp with his hands. "Let me get on my feet in this world," he said, "before I begin to trouble myself about any other."

But there was a certain fine dignity in the way he recognised the something better in Mary's life. The Bible was an intellectual satisfaction to him; at his proposal he read it to her, while she led him in the more intimate expression of devotion. It was a mutual chivalry, in which each recognised the other's thought; but his would have been the greater pain, perhaps, if she had missed this familiar element of her home-life. She had always blessed him for it; but as that night they joined in the simple service Mary felt as never before that they were beginning to build on sure foundations.

Twelve years passed by; rapidly, as twelve years can only pass in a rushing, swarming city like theirs. Richard and Mary had prospered apace. The business firm, as one might suppose, became an established fact, and had grown up with the growing prosperity all about them. The three rooms had changed into one of the "establishments" of the city. The studio was a gallery, and the name of the artist was well known. Time had proved the wisdom of the young wife's scheme, in its worldly view; the useful and beautiful had mutually helped each other, and yielded a golden harvest both of fame and money. And on this twelfth anniversary of their wedding night neither Sheldon nor Smith sat down by a more comfortable fireside in a finer home than did Mr. and Mrs. Lovell.

Long before, Mary had given up the place at her easel; not that she had grown tired of it, but that home and the world needed her more. With growing means at her command, her artistic taste found expression in making the home in whose midst they would choose to spend their days. And it had been a work as precious and sacred to her as the keeping of the altar-fires by the vestals of ancient Rome. A true artist's home it was, grounded in material comfort and cheer, yet adorned with art's choice treasures, and abounding in those graceful nothings, those last airy touches that transform the mere house into the home.

At this fireside sat the two; he with a few silver threads in his hair, she with a certain matronliness of look and manner; for the rest they were scarcely changed. Yet if one could have set those two younger faces side by side with these, it would have been easy to see that they had passed through the twelve years as through a refiner's fire.

Richard leaned back in his velvet chair and looked over at Mary, and his countenance beamed with satisfaction.

"Drake and I squared up accounts to-day," said he; "how do you suppose we stand with the world, you and I?"

"Well?" inquired Mary.

"A thousand, all told," said Richard. "Looks as if we were getting past trembling for the time of need, doesn't it."

Mary smiled. "Be careful of your we's. It might have been more if I had not laid up so much—well, 'where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.'"

"Ah, well, count it in," said he. "'What you gave you have' you know. But what we keep, we have, so far; and I'll risk moth and rust with it for the present. We have got about as solid a standing-place as they have, and that's solid enough for this world, I take it."

"Well, it's so much more to be thankful for," said Mary. "But we're never quite sure of anything in this world. The fire bells rung not half an hour ago, and made my heart jump so! It might as well be our house I suppose."

"That poor heart! we must teach it to stop jumping, somehow. But don't be frightened of fire bells." And he glanced around the pretty room.

"O Richard!" and the face turned towards him with a sudden glow, "life was never so dear, so rich, so blessed, as it is this very moment."

What fulness of content were in the words! He drew her to him tenderly. "God willing," he said, "we'll make it more so through all the years to come."

The next day was the Sabbath, clear, smiling, full of peace. Richard and Mary were at their places in church, nodding recognition as they went in to a score of happy faces. Mary recalled with what timidity they came, strangers, twelve years before, and how they had grown up with this people and their strong, beloved pastor, into the one living head. She felt a kind of gratitude to the very walls for the blessed influence they had found there; and thanked God that their lines had fallen to them in such pleasant places.

Was it chance or Providence that led the pastor to those words, "Lay up a good foundation against the time to come." Mary and Richard glanced at each other as he read them. It may not have been one of his great sermons, but it was the one of all others which his people will never forget.

"A grand sermon," said Richard, as they walked home, Mary's arm in his. "That is the true philosophy of life;

but it takes us a great while to learn the lesson."

That night the whole of their earnings were lost. A fire that ravaged many a home, left them penniless in the world.

No more talk of charities now; they were "the indigent classes." Yet they did not give way to despondency; and nobody with more cheerful heart started to find a nook to reopen business than Richard Lovell and his wife. They had free field again.

They were not as young as they once were, and the way back looked long and wearisome. There were some things they tacitly agreed not to speak of, and Mary's eyes filled with tears when she looked around Mrs. Sheldon's rooms.

Sheldon said, lightly, "Then you don't feel quite ruined yet?"

"Ruined? nothing like it," said Mary, smiling. "You don't know how many kinds of capital we have to draw from."

"Never ruined while we have each other," said Richard, heartily, "That seems to be my dependence."

Mary laid her hand on Richard's arm and looked up brightly at Sheldon.

"Nothing will touch that, I think," said she, "until death do us part."

They started up stairs, slowly, as Richard had learned to go lately, for her sake. Half way up she stopped, pressed her hand to her heart, reeled, and fell into his arms—dead.

Two days after, three or four carriages stood at the door of Sheldon's house. Within were two score people.

The minister who preached to them stood among them, haggard and weary, to say what broken words he might. And it seemed to him that of all the sad sights his eyes had beheld, the saddest was that of the man who stood there, penniless and homeless, looking into the dead face of his wife.

But he who had shuddered before his burning house, and wept over the ashes of his home, stood to-day calm and strong. He had touched the foundations at last, and they stood. Stripped of all he had on earth, he realised for the first time, in its fulness, the legacy she who was the pole-star of his love and faith, had left him against his time of need.—*Mrs. H. A. Bingham.*

NO HELL.

"The Kingdom of heaven is with you."
—CHRIST.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell."
—MILTON.

By J. A. SAXON.

"No hell for him whose hands red murder stains?"

Good friend, what though there be no burning realm

Crested with horrors of material flames;
Thinkest thou the murderer hath no mental rack

More torturing than aught physical could be?

Suppose his life the forfeit; are the jeers
Of human execration and the weird

And sickening horrors of judicial killing
No expiation? Why then kill the wretch?

To gratify our own blood-thirstiness?
Suppose, instead, he lives—escapes the law—

Can you or I conceive the agony
Of long years lived, trembling at every sound—

Fancying in every face that meets his own
A judge or an avenger! Never more,
Since that foul deed, to sleep the sleep of peace,

But parched by fevered dreams, to start
and quail

And find his guilty act each night renewed.
Never to look unshrinkingly upon

The innocence of childhood; but to feign
And fear and feign again, and live a lie;
Dreading each coming moment on its wing

May bear discovery and disgrace and doom.

Is not this hell? Oh! be thou very sure,
He wore unearthly wisdom on his brow

Who spake of this our sad humanity,
"The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell."

Art thou mere mortal? Darest thou define
God's possibilities? Nobler means than fire

May purge lost souls; souls rather lost
awhile,

To be the more triumphantly redeemed,
And glorify yet more the Omnipotence,
Which could not be complete were one
soul lost

Of the uncounted millions He hath made!

THE WIFE'S ANSWER.—A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD OR SILVER.

"I HAVE just come," says a Universalist, "from the bedside of a dear young friend who, for many months, has been severely suffering as she is fading away, slowly but surely, from the loving embraces and attentions of her family and friends. Always of a sweet and gentle spirit, yet is she growing more and more childlike in the expression of her features, and more angelic in soul, as she approaches the realities of the invisible and eternal—'made perfect through suffering.' And what is her testimony, as she lingers on the confines of this transitory and fleeting world, which, nevertheless, contains many dear to her affections, and much that makes life desirable to those as cheerful and lively as she has ever been? 'Death has no terrors for me—it cannot come too soon'—has been her frequent remark heretofore. To-day she said: 'I cannot express my gratitude for our precious faith, and that I was educated in it from childhood by my mother, who was also educated in it from childhood by her mother. I have never known the fear of death, or of any future beyond it, either for myself, or for any kindred and friends who have gone before. I have never had a doubt to cloud my mind or wring my heart, as have so many good people who have not our most precious faith.' Parents and teachers, here is a lesson. If you would give your children an inheritance far more valuable than silver, or gold, or precious stones—more sure to remain their possession through life than houses and lands—educate and carefully train them up in this precious faith. When they enter this busy world, with its engrossing cares and alluring temptations, it will be their unerring guide and changeless protector and friend. In all the trials and afflictions of life, it will support and console them. And when, at last, all earthly riches recede, and life and its pleasures fade away, this precious faith will but become more valuable, more comforting and assuring. Will not such a faith be of more value and of more service to your children, than aught else you can impart to them?

especially as it may be given in addition to all else you might desire to give them. Begin early, then, to inculcate this most precious faith—even in infancy and in tender childhood, it can be taught in your looks, words, and deeds breathing its spirit. Later, it can be taught in doctrine and precept, accompanied by your examples in the same spirit, and enforced by reading Holy Writ, and studying the works and ways of our Father in Heaven, as disclosed in creation and providence. And *ever* will it prove most precious in life and in death."

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THE translation of the Bible into English, forms one of the most interesting and important chapters in the history of Great Britain, inasmuch as it worked a complete change in the religious and political character of the kingdom. That the Bible should thus influence a great nation is one of the strongest proofs of its divine origin and authority, for no other book ever accomplished such a change. The earliest attempt to translate the Scriptures into English was made by the venerable Bede, who died dictating the last verse of the 20th chapter of John. Alfred the Great translated some portions, and was engaged in one of the Psalms at his death; then came Wicliffe, who completed the whole. But only a few volumes could be circulated, as it was obliged to be copied by hand; still even these were sufficient to shake the religious world to its foundations. But in the time of Henry the Eighth, the printing press was ready, and the quarrel of that monarch with the Church of Rome accelerated the introduction of the Bible in the vernacular tongue. Providence sent the instrument in the person of William Tyndale, who gave his whole existence to the work, braved the fury of his enemies, and sealed his mission with martyrdom. It is no small honour to the Unitarian Church that it can claim to have produced more revised editions of the New Testament from the original Greek than any other Church in Christendom.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

REV. DR. ADAMS, in his beautiful book on "Thanksgiving Memories," gives us the following incident:—"In the cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells, which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to some distant land, and their maker became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him after many years to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes pealed from the cathedral towers. His practiced ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his beloved native land, all the best associations of his life were in these sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there, silent and motionless.

They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart as he listened to the well-known chime, had snapped its strings!

It was this incident that suggested to Moore his song of "The Evening Bells." As Moore is not so much read as he used to be a quarter of a century ago, we reprint the lines, as they may not be familiar to some of our younger readers:—

"Those evening bells! Those evening bells!

How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!
Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
And thus't shall be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal shall still ring on,
And other bards shall walk these dells
And sing thy praise, sweet evening
bells!

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

THE only express definition of religion which the Bible contains is that of St. James, familiar on all lips:—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." And it is a broad definition; broad enough to cover the entire domain of human conduct. Towards oneself it includes all that can be meant by purity, towards one's fellow men all that can be meant by charity. It is a two-fold rule, with external and internal application; and whatever of conduct falls outside the one limit, will be sure to fall inside the other. There is no escape from its all-searching requirement. Men have fancied that by keeping one clause of the rule they might somehow be justified of the other. They have sought to cover a tarnished life with the gloss of great charities; have been just and generous and even lavish to their fellow-men; and however much it profited others, they have proved what St. Paul had told them, that "it profited *them* nothing" toward the peace of a righteous life. They have shut themselves away from their fellow-men, and in convent and monastery and hermitage have sought to keep themselves unspotted from the world. But this has been equally a failure; so clearly discerned to be a failure that it has come to pass that those very orders most rigidly vowed to pure and holy living before God, have, by their surpassing devotion to the poor and suffering of their fellow-men, earned those most beautiful names of the world—Sisters of Charity—Brothers of Mercy. The union of the two is organic, not mechanical; though two-fold the law is one, and cannot be divided. Each part complements the other, a "building fitly framed together" in which every action of human life has its place. It demands as much at our hands as Christ does when he says, "Be ye therefore *perfect*, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect. If we obeyed it, we should live the ideal life; and angels could do no more."

But from the time of St. James to

our own, the Christian Church has been dissatisfied, or, rather, unsatisfied, with his definition of religion. Great writers in all ages have dwelt upon it in terms of criticism. Luther's appeal from St. James, with his "epistle of straw," to St. Paul, and the popular appeal from St. James to Christ, are significant of the feeling; if unjust, they imply, at least, that there is another side to the truth. And this is the better verdict, not that St. James is to be appealed from but supplemented. If we may allow that he has erred, it is not in what he says, but in what he leaves unsaid. True, but not the whole truth; not wrong, but incomplete; is the just criticism. Taken by itself, it might give a poor idea of religion; as poor, perhaps, as an idea of God which should rest on the single definition, "God is a consuming fire." It needs to be filled out by Paul and Christ, shown in its relation to a larger and including truth, before its own truth and force can be rightly understood.

What then, is the lack? Can we have anything more complete than perfection? Surely not; but this perfect expression of life implies something within it to be expressed; and it is of this something within that St. James is silent. There must be a reason why we are to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. And this *reason why* is the vital element which alone makes the outward expression worthy to be called "pure and undefiled religion" and without which it is a body without a soul.

For purity and charity—to use the word in its common meaning, not St. Paul's—have to do solely with conduct; and conduct, though carried to its utmost perfection, is morality, not religion. That there is a distinction, is implied even in the existence of the two words. What we mean by morality is "the doctrine or practice of the duties of human life." What could be a more exact synonym of St. James' definition of religion? What we mean by religion may be more vague, since it is one of those words which, like the chameleon, take on the colour of that to which they are fastened. It may be

used for a form of belief, as Clarke uses it in his "Ten Great Religions;" or for a form of worship, as when Milton speaks of "gay religions full of pomp." In the sense in which alone it can be compared with morality, as an element of human life, always one and the same thing and admitting of no plural, we may still have no very clear definition, either of word or thought. But none the less are we sure that there is a difference either of kind or degree.

We may fairly regard as outgrown the notion of an antithesis between ethics and religion—the more moral the less religious—a notion that would have worked far greater mischief in the world than it has if it could so have stultified reason as to get beyond theory into practice. Equally, though less fatally erroneous seems to us the idea that morality is the name for our conduct towards our fellow-men, and religion the name for our conduct towards God; the idea that divided the Pharisaical observances into the moral and the religious law, and makes the first great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" religious, and the second, "which is like unto it," "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," moral. And the latest definition we have seen, that of Mathew Arnold, does not seem to us to cover the exact truth. The difference, he says, is one of degree. Religion is ethics heightened, enkindled; is *morality touched by emotion*. "Conduct is the word of common life, morality the word of philosophical disquisition, righteousness the word of religion." But they are one and the same thing in kind. The application of emotion to morality by which it passes into religion, he illustrates by examples. "Goodness gives men most pleasure" is morality: "The path of the just is as the shining light," is religion. "Live as you were meant to live," is morality. "Lay hold on eternal life," is religion. But it seems to us that this is simply morality heightened into poetry. Is this—the poetry of morality, the enthusiasm of morality even—fully true to the common consciousness of religion? Where shall we better determine than where the

common consciousness crystallises in an accepted definition? The dictionary gives as the first meaning of the term "An acknowledgment of our obligation to God as our Creator, with a feeling of reverence and love and consequent duty and obedience." The kernel of this may be stated, *Obedience and duty consequent upon love*. Here, at last we come upon the "reason why" that St. James omitted. "Obedience and duty" is morality; "Obedience and duty consequent upon love" is religion.

The word itself, with its signification of *binding*, implies an obligation to be fulfilled. And what obligation is at once so strong and so sweet as that of love?

This key opens a door of light through many a partial and mystic statement where theology has confused itself and gone astray. The relation of religion to morals is the relation of soul to body. "Love is the fulfilling of the law" as the soul fills and vivifies the body, though both together make the man. St. James' "purity and charity" are the body of religion. Christ's "love to God and man" are its soul. When the spirit is breathed into the form, animates it, works through it, then, and then only, we have the religious *life*. When St. Paul makes religion synonymous with faith, it is by his own explanation the faith that "works by love," and "purifies the heart." In the place of Mr. Arnold's definition of religion "morality touched with emotion," let us then take this, true at once to St. James and St. Paul and a greater than either—morality inspired by love.

So profound a truth may bear simple illustration; and whatever service is glorified by love illustration is found.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,"

sings old Herbert, whose harp always strikes true and clear. The little child's answer "I'm never tired when I work for mother" holds the secret of it all. Just under her eye is told afresh the story: A child sits engrossed in a pretty rustic art, undertaken at first for the mere satisfaction of the doing. The pleasing novelty carried the work on

with enthusiasm for a while. But the labour and the skill required soon made the task irksome, and because enthusiasm had no root it withered away. Then the worker bethought herself of a loved and suffering friend in a distant home, to whom things like these were beautiful and precious. Inspiration flashed into the task that, begun for pleasure, should be finished for love. The work of the fingers is the same; but all the while the fancy is fed with the interest the work will have for those loved eyes, the remembrance it will carry, the joy that will centre in it for many a day, because of the gift and the giver. And the passion of the love so lends itself to the labour that its very difficulties make it the greater delight.

The difference is not in the thing done, but in the doing. The code of Lord Chesterfield's politeness, whose substance was "Flatter the self-love of others that it may redound to your own advantage," might be identical in expression with St. Paul's, "In honour preferring one another." But what a different thing in the living! So poor a counterfeit betrays itself even to the receiver, and the chances are that it will be flung back. Few so poor that a cup of cold water given in the Master's name is not more grateful than the gold of an unfeeling hand.

But though it is possible to be most punctilious in good deeds with no motive of love within them, it is not possible to possess the love without its overflowing, if not in deed, at least in feeling and intent. The greater includes the less, and necessitates it. "Faith without works is dead;" its existence is impossible. "If ye love me," says Christ, "ye will keep my commandments." Policy, or instinct or mere good-nature, may induce their observance; love compels it. St. James' law of works shows us such fruit as naturally grows on religion's tree. Christ's law of love is itself the tree, which planted within us, bears its own perennial fruitage, and we are forever supplied.

The church has made no mistake then, in its immemorial appeal to love and devotion. Even when the words

have fossilised in cant, they are the husk of the truth. To "come to Jesus," to "give the heart to God" to "get religion" are expressions that lay hold of the root of the matter, that embody the vital need. For, to get religion is to get the secret and the inspiration of all true and joyful living. It is to get the never-failing spur and passion for well doing that transfigures duty into delight.

If one should go further and ask, How shall we gain this love for God and humanity? it can only be replied, As you gain any love—by apprehending that the thing is lovely. The "excellence of the knowledge" of God, whether gained through reason or perception or experience, will make love toward Him the strongest necessity of life. The contemplation of man not merely in his actual, but in his possible estate, must cultivate the sacred "enthusiasm of humanity."

And who should be able to catch so much of the inspiration of love as they who believe most in the divine love? Those who see in God the universal Father, and in men one common brotherhood, ought to be moved more deeply than all others, by the spirit of religion. If, as has been said, those of most liberal theology are the modern Sadducees, whose law is all of good works, it is not the fault of their faith. It may be the fault of its dispensation. We have heard many a sermon that did not rise even to the poetry of morality, but contented itself with the statement of its plain and rather threadbare prose, as if it had no conception of any more vital mission. But the ministry that merely exhorts "be good, be good," without giving a reason why, is a mistaken and lifeless ministry. "Of course we ought to be good," the reply might come back, "That is of all things what we most desire. What we need is to be strengthened and inspired toward goodness; to be helped over the way, not pointed to the goal." And the true minister, not of a code of morality, but of "Christ and him crucified," knows that the strength and the inspiration are all of love—of that divine charity of St. Paul, that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth

all things, endureth all things," and that "never faileth." This is the river the streams whereof make glad the city of God; this the well whose waters, sinking deep into the heart, spring up into everlasting life. — *The Ladies' Repository.*

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbour's
woe
And share his joys with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble
sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For man and morals, on nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labours
close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers
deep;
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy
bed,
Where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate labour deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great drama will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love and the heaven of
life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be.
Or tried by sorrow with Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or
sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

A TRUE HERO.

THE city of Marseilles, in France, was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it, that it caused parents to desert children, and children forgot their obligations to their own parents. The city became as a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through its streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing, and as they met one day to talk over the matter and see if something could not be done to prevent this great destruction of life, it was decided that nothing could be effected without opening a corpse in order to find out the mysterious character of the disease. All agreed upon the plan, but who shall be the victim? it being certain that he would die soon after. There was a dead pause. Suddenly, one of the most celebrated physicians, a man in the prime of life, rose from his seat and said :

"Be it so : I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed, what I observe."

He immediately left the room, and as he was rich, he made a will, and spent the night in religious exercises. During the day, a man had died in his house of the plague, and at daybreak on the following morning the physician, whose name was Guyon, entered the room, and critically made the necessary examinations, writing down all his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours. Was not this a true hero? While we all admire the bravery which appears on the battlefield, let us not forget that there is an opportunity for the heroic in other places as well.

In fact in every sphere of life these opportunities occur for the display of a true moral heroism, which takes up its cross and suffers for the sake of our race.

THE OLD CAP.

CHARLES LAMB, with all his delightful quaintness, says of Bishop Burnett's history of his own time, "He tells history like an old man past political service bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions when his old cap was new." This we imagine to be the case with many an aged man, who having passed through the busy and exciting scenes of his manhood, loves to sit down in the chimney nook and bring his old cap into fashion once more, like the veteran soldier, who

"Shoulders his crutch and shows how fields were won."

His memory carries him back to the long ago period, when he was thinking as a child, understanding as a child, when all was novel, fresh, and promising for the future, and when the tear was forgotten as soon as shed ; and notwithstanding many boyish disappointments and sorrows, there was sunshine around, and within a lightness of heart, a gaiety of spirit belonging to youth alone. A septuagenarian is desirous at this time to speak a little of that which has ineffaceably impressed the memory. His thoughts, almost in spite of himself, are thrown back to the early years of the present century, the period when George the Third was king, and when a high-flying Tory Government was the consequence. When from abroad we had repeated news of victories achieved over the dreaded Napoleon by Great Britain and her allies ; when bonfires and illuminations were very common, and the joy-bells rang continually. But at home there was deep-seated misery, bitter discontent, plots and discoveries of plots, riots and military suppressions of them. It was the time when our criminal code was written in blood, and the gallows after every assizes had full employment. (Easter Monday was a favourite hanging day.) The scandalous pillory and the stocks were in frequent requisition, and public flagellations were not infrequently inflicted. It was the time when the Test Act was on the statute-book, and anything but a dead letter ; and when Catholic emancipation was sternly denied. A Dis-senter, especially in rural districts,

was considered as disaffected to the State, and was the object of scornful abuse. "Presbyterian," "Meetinger," "Methodist," *vulgo* "Methodee," became terms of insult as applied to individuals; whilst the Blasphemy Act was at any time liable to be enforced on Unitarians. And yet men, sincere, earnest men, lived through all this season of rebuke and calumny, and heroically bore their righteous testimony. They were God-fearing, they had faith in their principles, and were consistent in their lives and deportment. They had read and thought much, they knew how to defend their belief, whilst their uprightness of conduct and the seriousness of their demeanour gave them great influence in their several spheres, and gradually disarmed surrounding prejudices.

But it is more especially of my remembrances and feelings, as connected by birth and education with the large and respectable body of Unitarian worshippers in a West of England city, that I wish now to speak. Mine might be called a traditional faith, but in after years it commended itself to my reason and conscience, and it has been ever very dear and precious to me. My father was a confirmed and zealous Unitarian, as, for the matter of that, were all my kith and kin. It was an inspiring sight to witness the fine congregation of those who adored the One God alone, met together for that purpose on a Sunday morning, and expecting the words of sound instruction and pathetic exhortation from the pulpit. Nor was the expectation at any time disappointed. Say not that our pious ministers of a former generation were dull or lifeless preachers. They were men thoroughly in earnest, and who felt the influence of the truths they delivered in their own persons. There were bold assertions of important doctrine when boldness was not always safe; sound Scriptural expositions, calls to a pure and holy religion, and the example of Jesus as the Saviour, the Master, the final Judge, held up to the view—his divine mission insisted on as the foundation of belief, and consequently of practice. And then, amongst their hearers were men known in the

gates, of good position and high social standing whilst mingled with these were reputable tradesmen, sober mechanics, all devoutly joining in the services of the sanctuary—all listening with deeply attentive ears to the spoken word, and then returning home to talk over the sermon, or to express their satisfaction with the service as a whole. During the period to which I allude it was not the custom to have an evening service; the morning and the afternoon were the appointed seasons. On rare occasions the custom was broken through, and one of the first of these that I can remember was when the celebrated Richard Wright—then in the zenith of his reputation—paid us a visit during a missionary tour. As years rolled on, winter evening services became more frequent, and were at length recognised as an institution. Yet, the grave heads of families loved their Sabbath evenings at home for the purpose of family reading and worship. After tea, all the members, forming a domestic circle, being thus gathered, the "big ha Bible," the pride of the house, was reverently opened; each one in turn reading a chapter out of it. Then the father would read a sermon, often one of Blair's, and the whole concluded with prayer, perhaps too long to keep the attention profitably employed. Kenrick's "Exposition" was frequently read, besides the statutory number of chapters, varied occasionally by Orton's "Exposition of the Old Testament." It may be asked—Was not all this a great weariness? We unhesitatingly answer No; the hours were pleasantly spent—their remembrance is pleasant now.

And one of the greatest glories of that never-to-be-forgotten time, and that which dwells in the fondest manner on my recollection, was the way in which the young of the congregation were treated by their ministers, the great pains taken to instruct them thoroughly in the great truths of religion and their duty to God and man. Happy indeed were the hours thus spent in the intervals of the public services in catechising, the repetition of hymns committed to memory, and in listening to sweet words of counsel and encouragement. A very aged lady whom I met the other

day, and who had been a catechumen, though in a higher class than my own, showed me a MS. book in her possession which contained a register of names in the hand of our revered instructor, and in which her name as well as mine stood conspicuous. It called up many a pleasurable remembrance; it renewed, in a degree, the freshness of our youth.

Let not this simple narrative be thought altogether useless. We who are passing away, and must soon bid adieu to all earthly things, and who, it may be, "cast many a longing, lingering look behind," may yet have something to tell the present generation, to our younger friends who may well rejoice in the security and pleasantness of their lot, compared with that which fell to the lot of those who preceded them. Nor let them hold their elders in slight esteem on that account, for they may rest assured that there were many wise men before Nestor, many brave men before Agamemnon. B.

MY BOY.

IN MEMORIAM.

How doth my heart with sorrow burn,
That thou art gone, thou bonnie boy,
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy,
And wilt no more to earth return!

'Tis hard indeed to say farewell,
To think that we shall see thy face
No more, in that familiar place,
Where parents, brothers, sisters, dwell.

We fain had hoped great things of thee,
Had watched with joy the promise fair;
But God's disposals often are
Not what man may have hoped to see.

'Twas His to say, Thy race is run,
To write in brief thy little page,
To shorten life's sweet pilgrimage—
'Tis ours to say, Thy will be done!

The best of friends on earth must part—
"Thy will be done" is hard to say;
But O! God help us that we may,
And soothe the sorrow of our heart.

And may the hope to meet again,
A power within our hearts abide;
And help our lives in peace to glide
Where everlasting friendships reign! J.

HISTORY OF THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

THE Marseilles presents notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death, glorious as the one, funereal-like as the other, it assures the country while it makes the citizen turn pale. There was then (at the time of the French revolution, 1789,) a young officer of the artillery in the garrison of Strasbourg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Louis le Sannier in the Jura, that country of revelry and energy, as mountainous countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow, dull, garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrick, an Alsatian patriot, on intimate terms. In the winter of 1792, there was a scarcity in Strasbourg. The house of Dietrick was poor and the table humble, but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. Once, when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Dietrick looked with sadness and said to him—"Plenty is not seen at our feasts, but what matters it if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fêtes, and courage in our soldiers' hearts. I have still a bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he, to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Strasbourg is shortly to have patriotic ceremony, and de Lisle must be inspired to introduce one of those hymns which convey to the souls of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it." They drank—de Lisle was a dreamer—his heart moved, his head was heated.

He went staggering to his chamber, endeavouring, by degrees, to find inspiration in the palpitation of his citizen-heart; and in his small clever head now composing the air before the words, now the words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind, that he never could tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the impression. He sang everything—wrote nothing. Overcome by the divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daylight. The song of

the overnight returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down and gave it to Dietrick, who called together some musicians who were capable of executing de Lisle's composition. De Lisle sang. At the first verse, all countenances turned pale; at the second, tears flowed; at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. The unfortunate Dietrick went a few months afterward to the scaffold to the sound of the notes first produced at his own fireside, and from the heart of his friend. The new song, some weeks after, was executed at Strasbourg. It flew from city to city. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of the sitting of its clubs. The Marseilles spread all over France. Hence the name of Marseilles. De Lisle himself heard it and shuddered at its sound upon his ears, while escaping, by some of the wild passes of the Alps, as a proscribed Royalist. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The Marseilles," answered the peasant. It was thus he learned the name of his own work. The arm was turned against the hand that forged it.—*Lamartine*.

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS, OLD AND YOUNG.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys !
The liar's a coward and slave, boys :
 Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys !

Whatever you are, be frank, boys !
'Tis better than money and rank, boys ;
 Still cleave to the right,
 Be lovers of light,
Be open, above board, and frank, boys !

Whatever you are, be kind, boys !
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys ;
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys !

But whatever you are, be true, boys !
Be visible through and through, boys ;
 Leave to others the shamming,
 The "greening" and "cramming ;"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys !

HENRY DOWNTON.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

IN the following poem there is taught an excellent lesson, which is worthy to be remembered and practised by all, especially by the young, who should never forget that they must always be kind to the poor, the unfortunate, the infirm, and the aged :—

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piles white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses
feet

Should crowd her down on the slippery
street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group ;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,

He guided her trembling feet along
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you
know,

For all she is aged, and poor, and slow :

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her
head,

In her home that night, and the prayer
she said

Was "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

BESSIE BLESSING.

BOYS, BE NEAT AND TIDY.

"When I was six years old," says a well-known merchant, "my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two young sisters. After selling the greater part of the household furniture she owned, she took two small rooms in W——street and there, by her needle, contrived in some way—how, I can not conceive, when I recollect the bare pittance for which she worked—to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember that our supper consisted simply of a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger, and rendered inviting by the neat manner in which our repast was served, our table always being spread with a cloth, which, like my good mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow-white purity."

Wiping his eyes the merchant continued:—

"Speaking of those days reminds me of the time when we sat down to the table one evening, and my mother had asked a blessing of our Heavenly Father on her little defenceless ones in tones of tender pathos that I remember yet, she divided the remnant of her loaf into three pieces, placing one on each of our plates, but preserving none for herself. I stole around to her, and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was left untouched; we sat up late that night, and what we said I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked to me more as a companion than a child; when we knelt down to pray, I consecrated myself to be the Lord's and to serve my mother.

"But" said he, "this is not telling you how neatness made my fortune. It was some time after this that my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper for an errand-boy in a commission-house in B—— street. Without being necessitated to wait to have my clothes mended, for my mother always kept them in perfect order, and although on minute inspection they bore traces of more than one patch, yet on the whole they had a very respectable air; with-

out waiting to arrange my hair, or clean my shoes, for I was obliged to observe, from my earliest youth, the most perfect neatness in every respect, my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step I started, for I had long wished my mother to allow me to assist her.

My heart beat fast, I assure you, as I turned out of W—— into B—— street, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the counting-room, and made known the object of my calling.

The merchant smiled and told me there was another boy who had come in a little before me, whom he thought he should engage. However, he asked me some questions, and then went out and conversed with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was that the lad who first applied was dismissed, and I entered the merchant's employment, first as an errand boy, then as a clerk, afterwards as his partner, until death, when he left me the whole of his business, stock, &c. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me in preference to the other boy, was because of the general *neatness* of my person, while in reference to the other lad he noticed that he neglected to be tidy. To this simple circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business."

HOME.

STAY, stay at home, my heart and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not
where

Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed
They wander east, they wander west.
And are baffled and beaten and blown
about

By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky.

To stay at home is best.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

"WHAT is God?"—"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch-maker of the universe, the soul of the world."

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING.—We have more than once looked with sadness at the number of children engaged in London making flowers, instead of out in the fields and forests gathering flowers. A Sunday-school child of this class, being asked why God made the flowers of the field, replied, "Please, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers."

I SMELL FIRE.—In the life of Mary Somerville, she says that, one night, her father called out, I smell fire. "There was no time to be lost, so, snatching up a candle, he wandered from room to room, followed by us all smelling fire, when one of the servants said, Oh! sir, it's the tassel of your night-cap that is on fire." Is it not often so that we carry with us the most dangerous combustible to life in our own tempers and habits?

LET THE CHILDREN ALONE!—Children are children as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat, that sits purring before the fire, does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there, in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry.

A NEW GRACE BEFORE MEAT.—Some time since, in the Midland counties, an old family lawyer, of a somewhat profane character, one of whose fads it is to wear a white tie, drove up to a country inn, and asked to be served with dinner. The landlord was very sorry, but the whole house was occupied by clergymen. A rural-diaconal meeting was going on. At last the host said, "Well sir, as you are a clergyman yourself, I daresay if I take your card in to the rural dean, the gentlemen will be glad if you will join them." Mr. Attorney sent in his name but not his card, was well received, and given the place of honour. To his intense horror the rural dean called upon him for grace. Not the faintest echo of one remained from those far-off childish days; but, perplexed as he was, he was a man of resource, and he plunged into the Book of Common Prayer. "Lord open thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth Thy praise."

AN AMUSING ERROR.—We have often pleaded for simple language in public teaching. We have the following anecdote of a vicar who used the word "commentators." He was standing on a Monday morning, at his gate when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "it's some of our very best tatures—a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in the sermon that *common tatures* didn't agree with you."

ANOTHER REVIVAL STORY.—A revivalist was holding forth from a pulpit in a local pit village, telling his hearers how, though Satan was chained up, he still could get at many of them. "He can reach there," exclaimed the preacher, pointing to the seats just below him, "and there, and there," he repeated, pointing to more remote parts of the chapel. This was too much for a man in the gallery, and he called out to the preacher, "Aw say, mister, can he rich up here?" Yes, brother, even there," was the reply. "Why, then, he might as weel be unchained," was the rejoinder.

EFFECTIVE REPROOF.—A clergyman was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason: some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

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